

# Broke in the Head

## Bleach

You haven't said a single thing  
The whole way home  
The air is thick from awkward silence  
So you turn up the radio And I don't think I've got to tell you  
I hope you already know  
What you reap is what you sow  
And so I gotta say something  
I just can't leave it like this, no  
Pretty soon we'll hit your driveway  
And you'll escape off in your house  
So maybe I'll just hit the highway  
And maybe you'll open your mouth and let it out I gotta say something  
I just can't leave it like this, no  
I hear you talking, your excuses make me sick  
It's getting old Is there anything that I could've said  
To help you fix what you broke in your head?  
Tell me now if I'm pushing too hard I gotta say something  
I just can't leave it like this, no  
Hear you talking, your excuses make me sick  
It's getting old It's getting old  
It's getting old  
It's getting old  
It's getting old

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